DC

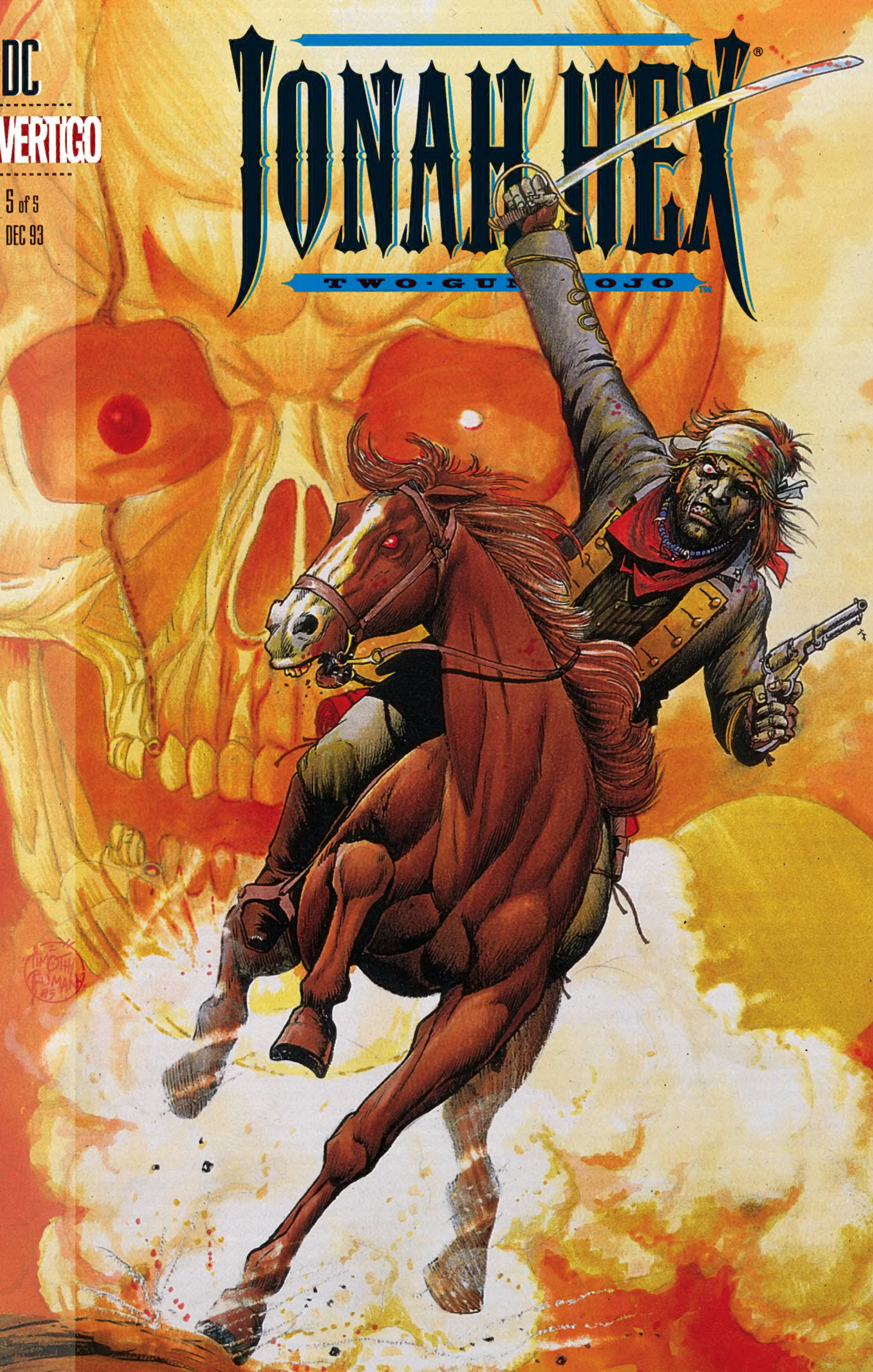
VERTIGO

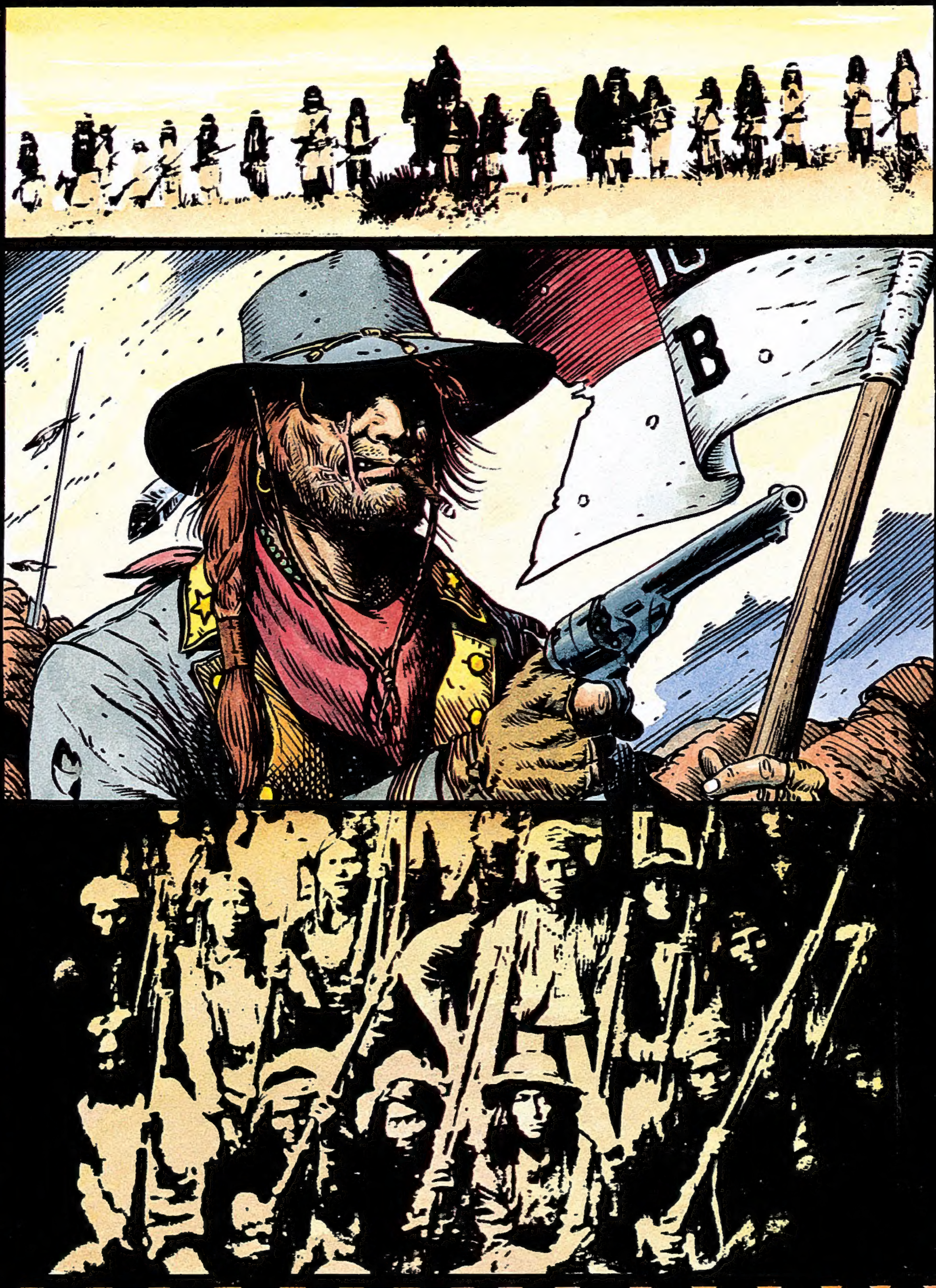
5 of 5

DEC 93

JONAH HEX®

TWO-GUN MOJO™

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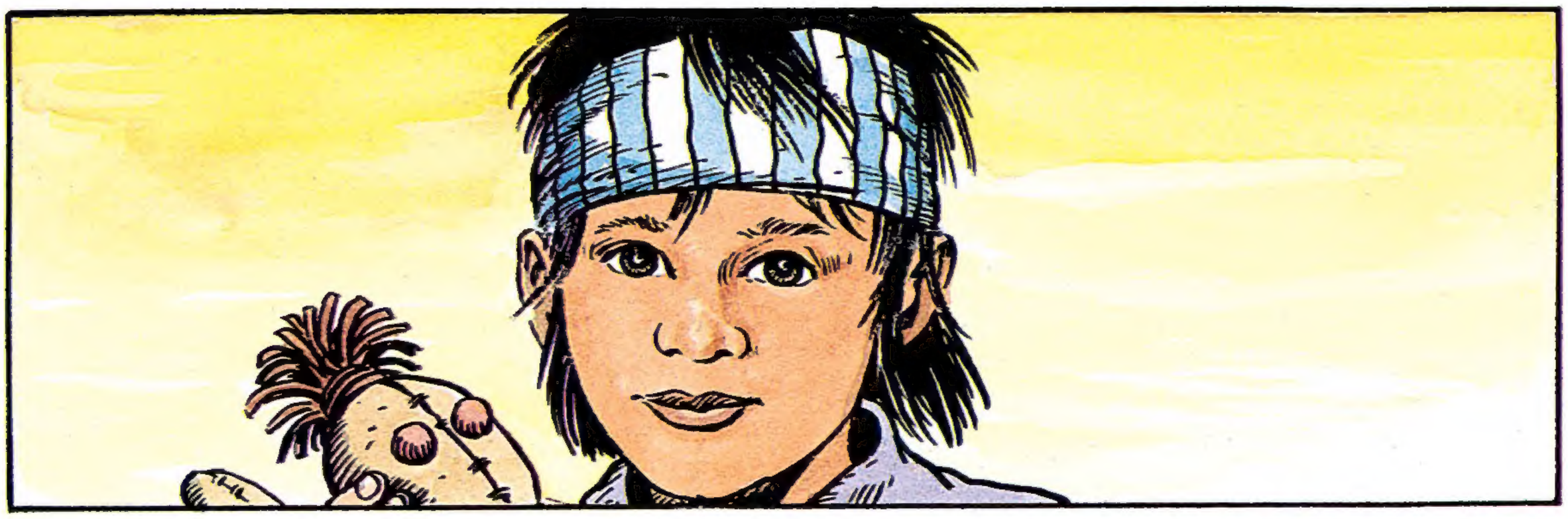

I HATED IT WHEN DAYS TURNED OUT LIKE THIS.

ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS KILL **DOC WILLIAMS** AND KILL--OR **REKILL**--ALL HIS DIMWIT **COMPADRES** FOR SHOOTING OLE **SLOW GO** AND TRYING TO TURN ME INTO A WALKIN' CORPSE LIKE **THEM**--

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM!

--AND I'M THINKING I'M CLOSIN' IN NOW, THAT I'M GONNA DO JUST THAT--

--THEN TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF AT A WHORE HOUSE, MAYBE EVEN TAKE A BATH WITH SOAP, AND **DAMN** IF I DON'T END UP FIGHTIN' ALONGSIDE **DOC**, HIS GOOBERS, AND A BUNCH OF **10th** CAVALRY BOYS SHOOTIN' **'PACHES.**

VIP

VIP

VIP

VIP

POW POW POW!

POW!

I REMEMBERED WHAT MY OLD MAN USED TO SAY WHEN THINGS WENT LIKE THAT FOR HIM. ONE THING WRONG AFTER ANOTHER...

HE'D SAY: "WELL, JONAH, FIGURE I'M DIDDLED."

THE OLD MAN ALWAYS WAS AN OPTIMISTIC BASTARD.

BLAM!

BEING *LESS* OPTIMISTIC, I DECIDED TO TAKE A WORM'S-EYE VIEW. THEM BULLETS AND ARROWS WAS WHISTLIN' DOWN FASTER'N SPRING RAIN IN EAST TEXAS.

CLICK CLICK CLICK

CLICK CLICK

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

PUT *LOADS* IN THEM, YOU DUMB SONOFABITCH!

THEY'RE *EMPTY*, CHOWDER-HEAD!

THUNK!

VIP

VIP

VIP

BLAM BLAM BLAM

[TIMOTHY TRUMAN 'N' SAM GLANZMAN]

=4+93=

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM!

WE SCARED 'EM OFF, SARGE?

NOPE.

BETTER TIGHTEN YOUR BUTTHOLE, BOY. THEY'RE COMIN' BACK. AND THIS TIME THEY'LL MEAN BUSINESS.

THANKS, MISTER... EVEN IF I RECKON YOU DIDN'T TOSS YOUR BLANKET HERE ON *PURPOSE*.

WELL, I HEARD THIS HERE WAS A HELL OF A GOOD PICNIC SITE.

WE THINK SO. BEEN A-PICNIC'N ALL GODDAMN DAY.

WE WAS ESCORTIN' THESE JACKASS ***CIVILIANS***, TO PROTECT 'EM FROM INDIANS.

WE DIDN'T DO SO GOOD. 'PACHES FORCED US INTO THIS HOLE.

COURSE, THAT ***THERE*** FELLA HADN'T BEEN ALONG, WE'D HAVE DONE A MITE WORSE. AND ***YOU*** DAMN SURE SEEM TO HIT WHAT YOU AIM AT, TOO.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

STILL, THAT BOY'S A LITTLE ON THE ***STIFF*** SIDE, AIN'T HE?

THERE'S SOME TRUTH.

FACT IS, THAT WHOLE TROUPE IS A LITTLE ON THE DIFFERENT SIDE.

YOU NOTICED?

CLICK CLICK

I TAKE IT YOU KNOW THAT PARTY?

WE WAS IN THE CHURCH CHOIR TOGETHER. LATER, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A COME-TO-JESUS MEETIN'.

I'D 'PPRECIATE Y'ALL GET RELIGION *AFTER* WE GET OUT OF THIS MESS. *IF'N* WE GET OUT.

RECKON SO.

SOMETHIN' BURNING.

'PACHES ARE COOKIN' UP YOUR DEAD HORSES. HAVIN' 'EM A MEAL. THEY GET STUFFED ON HORSE MEAT, THEY'LL BE BACK. PROBABLY WHEN IT GETS SOLID DARK.

TAKE THIS, YOU WANT IT. OL' BUKKAH THERE NEVER COULD HIT NOTHIN' WITH IT ANYWAY, 'SIDES DIRT.

AND IT WOULDN'T HURT MY FEELIN'S NONE YOU WANTED TO HELP TAKE WATCH. I'M SO TUCKERED OUT I DON'T KNOW WHICH END OF ME IS THE TIREDEST.

YOU'RE MIGHTY TRUSTIN'.

WHAT YA GONNA DO? RUN OFF WITH MY RIFLE?

CHAW?

ONLY WAY I'D TURN ONE DOWN IS IF IT'D BEEN IN YOUR MOUTH.

YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN ME...MISTER--?

--NAME'S *HEX. JONAH HEX*... AND I NEVER DOUBTED I WAS THE BETTER MAN.

HELL, 'NOTHER MINUTE WE'LL BE CHUCKLIN' OVER HOW SOON WE'LL RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION.

HOLD THIS HERE PATCH'A GROUND FOR ME A SPELL. THEN I'LL BE BACK TO STAND WATCH.

REMEMBER ME?

SEARS ROEBUCK 1870

CAN'T BE. MUST BE A *HALLUCINATION*-- A SIDE EFFECT OF CERTAIN PHARMACEUTICAL EXPERIMENTS OF MY YOUTH.

YOU DRANK THE *STUFF*. YOU WENT INTO THE *RIVER*.

I GOT A STRONG STOMACH, 'PACHES DON'T TAKE CARE OF YA, I'M GONNA. I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT, DOC.

AND I DON'T COTTON TO THESE CIRCUS FOLKS OF YORN NONE EITHER. THEY DON'T KNOW IF THEY'RE DEAD OR ALIVE. SO I'LL SHOW 'EM WHICH IT IS.

EVEN IF ONE OF 'EM REALLY IS *WILD BILL HICKOK*.

I DON'T LIKE HIM. I REALLY DON'T.

I REMEMBER ONCE, JUST AFTER THE WAR, I WAS SCOUTIN' WITH ANOTHER BUNCH'A SOLDIERS ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER.

WE'D BEEN TRACKIN' CHIRACAHUA 'PACHES...

...AND THIS DUMB JACKASS OF A SOLDIER SAID WE COULD REST 'TIL MORNIN' CAUSE 'PACHES DIDN'T FIGHT AT NIGHT.

WELL, I'D LIVED WITH THE *MESCALERO* 'PACHE. CHIRACAHUAS WASN'T MUCH DIFFERENT.

THE SOLDIER WAS WRONG. THEY KILLED AND SCALPED HIM FIRST, WHILE HE WAS STILL SNORIN'.

I WAS THE ONLY ONE MANAGED TO KEEP HIS HAIR THAT DAY.

I WAS MIGHTY PROUD OF THAT. BUT THINGS HAVE A WAY OF COMIN' BACK AROUND...

--EVEN WHEN YOU TRY TO LEAD A CAREFUL LIFE LIKE I DO.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAM BLAM!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

DON'T STOP AT NOTHIN'!

BLAM

WAGON OF MIRACLES

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

ONLY THING YOU GOT TO DO IS GET ME OUTTA HERE!

NO MATTER WHAT, YOU GET ME OUTTA HERE!

BAM

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM

DAMN, REB! I THOUGHT YOU WAS AN INJUN!

WE'D BE BETTER OFF IF WE *WAS* INJUNS!

BLAM BDAM BLAM

LET'S GRAB SOME HIGH GROUND WHILE THAT POWDER SMOKE AND DUST'S GOT US COVERED.

BLANG!

RIDE FOR IT, BOY. I CAN'T LEAVE MY COMMAND.

YOU AIN'T GOT NO COMMAND, SARGE.

THAT PUTS A DIFFERENT LIGHT ON THINGS.

FIGURED YOU'D SEE IT THAT WAY.

BLAM BLAM

GODDAMN...

CAUGHT A BLUE WHISTLER IN THE CRACK!

HANG ON, SARGE. WE AIN'T DEAD YET.

WE RUN THEM 'PACHES A GOODLY SPELL...

...AND COME MORNIN' THEY WAS STILL ON OUR TAIL.

DAMN 'PACHE CUT ME A NEW ASSHOLE.

I CAN FEEL THE LEAD... UP MY BELLY... LIKE A BUNCH OF BEES...

LEAVE ME, BOY.

NOT LIKELY.

FIGURED YOU'D SAY THAT.

SO I'LL MAKE IT EASY.

BLAM!

YOU WAS A GOOD'N, SARGE.

SORRY, BOY.

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO CARRY ME SOME FARTHER.

FIGURED THAT TIRED OLE HORSE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH LEFT IN IT... BUT I FIGURED, TOO, I HAD TO HAVE ALL THERE *WAS*.

A FEW OF THE 'PACHE BOYS HUNG BACK TO WHITTLE ON THE SARGE'S BODY, WAY THEY'D SEEN THEIR OWN FAMILIES CARVED UP. DID IT THAT WAY SO HIS CUT-UP GHOST WOULD HAVE TO ROAM THE DESERT FOREVER.

COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE, I RECKON. HE COULD HAVE DIED IN NEW JERSEY.

THE REST HUNG ON MY TRAIL LIKE STINK ON A FAT WOMAN'S BLOOMERS.

MANAGED TO GIVE 'EM THE SLIP A FEW TIMES. TRIED EVER' TRICK IN THE BOOK TO GIVE THE HORSE SOME REST.

BUT THE POOR CRITTER FINALLY PLAYED OUT COMPLETELY.

WASN'T LONG 'FORE THE 'PACHE HAD FOUND MY TRAIL AGAIN.

BUT I'D STUMBLED UPON A TRAIL MYSELF. DOC'S MAGIC ELIXIR HAD FINALLY PLAYED OUT ITS STRING.

EVEN A MACHINE WILL EVENTUALLY PLAY OUT IF IT'S USED TOO HARD. GOT TOO MANY LEAKS IN IT... TOO MUCH RUST... NOT ENOUGH FUEL...

APPEARED DEAD FOLKS WEREN'T A WHOLE LOT DIFFERENT...

...IF DOC'S LITTLE HELPERS REALLY **WERE** DEAD, AND NOT JUST TETCHED IN THE HEAD, OR SOME DAMN THING...

'COURSE THEY HAD SOME ADDED ADVANTAGES MACHINES DON'T HAVE.

GOT TIRED OF 'EM, HELL...

...THEY HAD *ONE* LAST USE.

AND ANOTHER SWEET THING...

...IT WASN'T ALL THAT BIG A HUNT TO FIND ANOTHER'N.

AND BESIDES, DOC STILL HAD HIS MAIN PET IN GOOD SHAPE...

...AND HE WAS KEEPING HIM THAT WAY.

AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN.

HATE TO SPOIL YER DINNER.

YOU AGAIN!

TAKE HIM, WILD BILL!

I AIN'T GONNA LIE NONE. HICKOK MADE ME NERVOUS.

I LOOKED FOR AN EDGE.

I FIGURED EVEN IF I HIT HIM DEAD CENTER IT WOULDN'T MATTER. THAT DAMN ELIXIR WOULD MAKE IT TOO SLOW FOR HIM TO DIE.

HOPE YOU BOYS GOT ENOUGH THERE TO FEED ABOUT TWENTY HUNGRY APACHES.

'CAUSE THEM BOYS WILL BE DROPPING IN FOR SUPPER IN PRETTY SHORT ORDER.

YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!

GEE.

I'M SORRY.

I MADE THE SNAP DECISION THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING I COULD DO. AND I WAS ONLY GONNA GET ONE CHANCE'T AT IT.

DUMB TO BUILD A FIRE OUT HERE LIKE THIS RIGHT AFTER YOU GOT AWAY. 'PACHE CAN SMELL MEAT COOKING FROM HERE TO TEXAS.

I CONCENTRATED ON HICKOK'S EYES.

THEY WAS SOME UGLY LITTLE BLINKERS.

WHAT THE HELL'S KEEPIN' YOU?! I SAID, **KILL HIM, BILL!**

HE WAS FAST...

...MAYBE FASTER THAN ME.

BUT FAST DON'T ALWAYS GET IT.

SMART IS WHAT'S IMPORTANT...

BLAM!

BLAM!

...AND SOMETIMES I'M SO SMART I CAN HARDLY STAND MYSELF.

BLAM

BLAM

I RECKONED THE PART THAT HAD TO BE THE WEAKEST WAS HIS HEAD-BISCUIT AND THE RED EYES HE AIMED OUT OF.

AND IF IT DIDN'T KILL HIM RIGHT OFF...

BLAM

BLAM

...IT WAS GONNA PUT A DAMN GOOD CRIMP IN HIS SHOOTIN' FORM.

BLAM

'COURSE, A FELLA CAN BE *TOO* SMART.

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM BLAM

=CLICK=

BLAM

BLAM BLAM

CLICK

VIP VIP VIP VIP VIP

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

WHOMP!

CLICK

CLICK

DON'T KILL ME. PLEASE.

WOULDN'T THINK OF IT, DOC. NOT AFTER ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR ME.

I'M LEAVING *THAT* FOR THE 'PACHES.

NO! YOU WOULDN'T--!

YEAH, I BELIEVE I WOULD.

BLAM!

DAMN. I BET THAT HURTS.

Y-YOU... SAID YOU WOULDN'T... KILL ME!

JUST HELPING THE APACHE OUT.

BLAM!

'PACHES GOT LIVE *MEAT* TO WORK ON, THEY WON'T *KILL* YOU RIGHT AWAY.

WAY THEY WORK, IT OUGHT TO TAKE YOU 'LEAST TWO OR THREE DAYS TO DIE.

AND I'LL HAVE A COUPLE DAYS TO RUN.

'CAUSE AIN'T A *ONE* OF THEM 'PACHES GONNA WANT TO MISS THE FIESTA *YOU'RE* GONNA GIVE 'EM.

I RECKON ON A NICE WARM DAY LIKE TODAY, THEY'LL ENJOY TAKING OUT EVERY TREATY THAT'S EVER BEEN BROKEN... EVERY WOMAN THE WHITES HAVE RAPED... EVERY CAMP WE'VE PLUNDERED...

...EVER' LITTLE INJUSTICE YOU CAN IMAGINE. TAKIN' IT ALL OUT ON LITTLE OLE *YOU*... AND TONIGHT, IF THINGS WORK OUT AND I REACH A TOWN...

...I'LL DRINK A TOAST TO YOU LYING OUT THERE WITH YOUR SKIN STRIPPED OFF AND A CACTUS UP YOUR BUTT.

THAT'S HIM. HIS OWNSELF... JONAH HEX!

HE'S GOT A REWARD ON HIS HEAD BIG ENOUGH TO BUY TEXAS!

KEITH PARKINSON MAGICIAN

HERE'S TO YOU, DOC. YOU DUMB ASSHOLE.

DOC, OLD BUDDY. I HOPE THEY HURT YOU A LONG, LONG TIME.

BLAM! BLAM!

ANYONE ELSE?

NO SIR!

THAT'S GOOD.

NIGHT, GENTS.

GOOD NIGHT, MR. HEX.

"He was a hero to some, a villain to others...

"...And wherever he rode people spoke his name in whispers."
—John Albano

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